



A Fawcett Publication

NO. 127

DECEMBER

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢



BOING!

HEH, HEH!
CAPTAIN MARVEL,
YOU ARE MY
VOODOO SLAVE!

**AMAZING!
ASTOUNDING!**
THE ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURES OF THE
WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN

THE
EXPANDING
ISLAND

HELP!

SIVANA'S
VOODOO
SPELL

THE MAN
WHO GREW
YOUNG

MR MORRIS!
IS THAT REALLY
YOU?

PARADISE
ISLAND

CRACK!

GOO!



a big, new book for **MODEL BUILDERS**



If you're an *avid* model builder or if you're only starting to work with balsa wood then here is a book you'll keep for years! Packed with accurate plans and instructions for building over 25 different control-line and free-flight model airplanes, battery driven boats and scale automobiles, **Handbook for MODEL BUILDERS** also contains a complete list of all gas engines, tips on building and a special story on **GETTING STARTED IN MODEL BUILDING!**

If your dealer cannot supply you order your book by mail from
FANCY BOOKS, Dept. C-10, Greenwich, Connecticut. Please specify
Fancy Book No. 110.

Just Look What This Book Contains!

- 144 pages
- Plans for 25 TESTED projects
- Hundreds of photographs
- Gas Model Airplane Plans
- Model Boat Plans
- Model Car Plans
- plus many other models



At Your Local Newsstand 75 Cents a Copy

The following outstanding magazines are ready identified
in their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LARK LARK WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S PUNNY ANIMALS
WYDE COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NITRA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GARY HATES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL IN • MAJESTY COMICS • TOM AND WESTERN • MIGHTY MALE WESTERN • HOPPLES EXHIBIT
BOB CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYS WESTERN • SIX GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB GOLT
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • THE BITTEN WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

CAPTAIN MARVEL

BATTLES SIYANA'S VOODOO CURSE



YOU ARE IN MY POWER,
CAPTAIN MARVEL! HEE-HEE!
NOW REPEAT AFTER ME—
I AM A BIG,
STUPID
CHEESE!



YES,
MASTER! YOU
ARE A BIG,
STUPID
CHEESE!

WHENEVER BILLY BATSON,
FAMOUS BOY NEWSCASTER,
SAYS THE WORD "SHAZAM!" HE
IS MIRACULOUSLY CHANGED
INTO POWERFUL CAPTAIN
MARVEL, THE WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST MORTAL WHO
COMBINES IN HIS MIGHTY
PHYSIQUE THE POWERS OF
SIX OF THE MIGHTIEST
HEROES OF ALL
TIME!



ONCE MORE CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST
MORTAL, PUTS DR. SIYANA BEHIND JAIL BARS!



AND STAY
SWEET!

OH, SO SOAK YOUR HEAD, YOU
BIG RED CHEESE! IF IT WIKT!
FOR YOU TO BE KING OF
EARTH RIGHT NOW!



A CORNER
OF YOUR CAPE
TORE OFF IN
THE DOOR

NEVER MIND! JUST KEEP
SIYANA UNDER HEAVY
GUARD SO HE CAN'T ES-
CAPE! HIS HEARING COMES
UP IN A WEEK, I'LL TESTIFY
AGAINST HIM
THEN!



AND IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS.....

CURSES! HOW CAN I ESCAPE? THEY'RE GUARDING ME LIKE HAWKS!



PLEASE! CAN'T YOU KEEP THAT THING OUT OF MY PLATE? AT LEAST LET ME BAY IN PEACE!



CURSES! I'VE GOT THE PENALTY OF A GOLDFISH IN A BOWL! I MAY AS WELL KILL TIME READING! NO HOPE FOR ESCAPE! BAY!



BUT SUDDENLY, SHANA'S HORES ARE REVIVED!

AHA!

WOODOO

To conjure or put a spell upon either the member of a witch doctor, to speak with a voodoo doll, a small image of the intended victim, which is made from a piece of his cloth or his hair, or any other part of him.



HEH, HEH! THE GUARD SEES ME WORKING ON THIS DOLL, BUT DOESN'T SUSPECT WHAT I'M REALLY UP TO!



BEST OF ALL, THAT REP BUNWICK LEFT ME A PIECE OF HIS CAPE! THAT MAKES THIS A COMPLETE WOODOO DOLL! WAIT! CAPTAIN MARVEL TESTIFIES AGAINST ME IN COURT TOMORROW! HEH, HEHHEH!



WHEN I CAUGHT THIS HUMAN MONSTER, YOUR HONOR, HE WAS READY TO CRUSH CIVILIZATION AGAIN! HERE ARE THE HORRIBLE DETAILS, IF YOU HAVE A STRONG HEART! FIRST.....



BUT UNDERNEATH THE TABLE SHANA STRIKES SECRETLY-- WITH WOODOO!

HEH, HEH! HERE GOES A PIN INTO THE WOODOO-DOLL'S SHOULDER! THIS WILL GIVE CAPTAIN MARVEL A PIERCING STAB IN THE SAME PLACE!

BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL BEING INDIFFERENT TO ALL HARM AND PAIN, THE REACTION IN THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL IS NOT TOO SERIOUS!



HEY! WHAT AN ITCH ALL OF A SUDDEN!

INSTEAD OF PAIN, IT ONLY TICKLES HIM! BUT THAT'S JUST AS GOOD! I'LL GIVE HIM A BIG ITCH FROM HEAD TO FOOT! HERRRRH!



OMIGODS! WHAT'S THE MATTER CAPTAIN MARVEL?



HOLY MOLEY... I'M SCRAMING ALL OVER LIKE CRAZY!

HEE! HEH!

HEE! HEH!



HOLY MOLEY! GIVE ME A HAND, MEN!



HEE HEH! IT WORKED! CAPTAIN MARVEL CREATED A RISE AND THEY FORGOT ME FOR THE MOMENT! HERRRR!



FINALLY WHEN THE WORST OF THE TICKLING TORTURE IS OVER.....

THANKS! I CAN GO ON NOW! AS I WAS SAYING, YOUR HONOR, THAT LITTLE FLEET IS---**HOLY MOLEY!** SWANA IS GONE!



HE ESCAPED! DID THAT LITTLE WORM SOMEHOW CAUSE MY ITCH, SO HE COULD SNIFF I'LL SOON FIND OUT! THERE HE GOES!



BUT SWANA REACHES ONE OF HIS SECRET LABORATORIES!

PUFFY HE'S RIGHT ON MY HEELS! WE'LL WIN ME AGAIN! IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN SAVE MYSELF? THINK SWANA---THINK!





BUT CHAGOSU! THE DEEP FREEZE WORKS ON ELECTRICITY, TOO! THE VOODOO DOLL WILL THAW OUT! CAPTAIN MARVEL WILL COME TO LIFE AGAIN! GAH! WHAT'LL I DO?

SLOWLY THE VOODOO DOLL UNFREEZES AND FINALLY, A VENGEFUL FIGURE SMASHES OUT OF THE STOREFRONT!

THE SPELL IS OFF!

YES, BUT I'VE GOT A NEW ONE READY! HEHHA!



I RIGGED UP A MARIONETTE STAGE! I'LL MAKE THE VOODOO DOLL MOVE TOWARD A VOLCANO AND YOU HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING THE DOLL DOES!

SO OFF YOU GO TO THE NEAREST VOLCANO, CAPTAIN MARVEL, DRIVEN BY VOODOO MAGIC! HEHHHH!



AND AS SIYANA MANIPULATES THE VOODOO DOLL CAPTAIN MARVEL IS FORCED TO SPEED TO A HUGE VOLCANO!

BUT WHY IS HE SENDING ME HERE? I DON'T GET IT!



NOW CAPTAIN MARVEL WILL DIVE DOWN INTO THE RED-HOT LAVA!

THIS CAN'T HURT ME! HAS SIYANA FORGOTTEN?



BUT THE EYE AND OF THE WORLD'S WICKEDEST SCIENTIST HAS CONCEIVED THE MOST DEADLY SCHEME OF ALL AGAINST CAPTAIN MARVEL!



HEM! I ALSO CONSTRUCTED A TINY VOICE BOX IN THE BOLL BEFORE! AS THE BOLL SAYS A CERTAIN WORD, SO WILL CAPTAIN MARVEL!

AND UNDER THE BOILING LAVA...



HOLY MOLEY VOOODOO MAGIC IS GOING TO FORCE ME TO SAY SHAZAM! BUT IF I SAY SHAZAM, BILLY BATSON WILL APPEAR AND DIE INSTANTLY, BURNED TO A CINDER BY HOT LAVA! I MUST RESIST... NO, I CAN'T GROW! THE MAGIC IS FORCING ME TO SAY THE WORD!



IT'S DONE! THROUGH VOOODOO, I FINALLY WIPE OUT CAPTAIN MARVEL! HE WAS FORCED TO SAY SHAZAM AND BILLY BATSON WAS KILLED INSTANTLY! YAYYYY! NOW I CAN RULE THE WORLD! YAYYYYYYYY!



CAPTAIN MARVEL IS GONE—EEK!

THE RUMOR IS GROSSLY EXAGGERATED, SIVANA OLD KID!

CRASH

BAM!



BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! THE VOOODOO MAGIC MADE YOU SAY SHAZAM UNDER THE BOILING LAVA, AND BILLY WAS KILLED!

THINK OVER WHAT YOU JUST SAID SIVANA! DON'T YOU SEE WHAT A STUPID ERROR YOU MADE?



OHNE! OF COURSE! HOW COULD YOU EVER SAY SHAZAM OUT LOUD—WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL OF MOLTEN LAVA!

RIGHT SIVANA! AS SOON AS I OPENED MY LIPS, HOT LAVA RUSHED IN AND CHOKED ME AND I COULDN'T SAY THE WORD! SO I DIDN'T CHANGE INTO BILLY BATSON AT ALL!

LATER...



NOY! THOSE ARE PLAIN ORDINARY DOLLS! HE'S JUST PLAYING WITH THEM!

NOW BE NICE, OR PAPA SPANK! HEE, HEE!

TIGHTWAD TAD

SERIOUS MATTER!



the more the merrier....
JOIN THE CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB!

Captain Marvel
 Everett Press, Greenburg, Ohio

See Captain Marvel

Please enroll me as a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I enclose \$4.00 (for when changed) to cover the cost of mailing this. I understand that I can receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD, which contains the secret code, and the CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP BUTTON along with many other surprises.

Name _____ Age _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please to return this paper complete to Everett Press, Greenburg, Ohio, to receive my membership card and to be kept safe.

WANT YOUR OWN CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD?

- here's what you get—
- BASIC MEMBERSHIP CARD
 - SECRET CODE
 - OFFICIAL CLUB BUTTON



OTTO GRAHAM

Star Quarterback—World Champion Cleveland Browns



WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION SPARKS YOU

...and Champions Choose Wheaties!



THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!

To sportsmen, schoolboys, girls, everyday living you need food-driving energy to spark you at whatever you do. Use Wheaties as your side like the champions do!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills.

THAT MAKES WHEATIES TOPS IN THE ENERGY DEPARTMENT!



"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WAITING WAITE

"IT SERVES HIM RIGHT!"

HOWDY, MISTER! I'M FROM THE WEST AND MY HANDLE'S WAITE! I SAW YOUR SIGN OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT THAT YUH NEEDED A WAITER!

YOU? YOU LOOK MORE LIKE A COWBOY! HAVE YOU HAD ANY EXPERIENCE AS A WAITER?



ER, ER, SHORE!

YOU DON'T SOUND VERY CONVINCING, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE! I NEED A WAITER, BADI!

WAL, THAT'S ME! I'M AS BAD A WAITER AS YUH EVER SAW!

THERE'S A COUPLE COMING IN! TAKE CARE OF THEM!

THEY'RE VERY GOOD CUSTOMERS, SO BE CAREFUL AND TREAT THEM VERY WELL!

SHORE! DON'T WORRY!



CARE FER A TABLE?

OF COURSE!

I THOUGHT YUH'D CARE FER A MEAL! HA, HA!





LET ME HELP
YUH, MAM!

THANK YOU!



ALL RIGHT, MAM,
SIT DOWN!

OUCH!



(GROAN)
(GROAN) YOU IDIOT WHY
DIDN'T YOU PUSH THE
CHAIR IN FOR HER SIT
DOWN ON?

ER, ER
I FORGOT!



(GROAN) I'LL
FORGET I'M A
GENTLEMAN AND
BEAT THE DICKENS
OUT OF
YOU!

PLEASE, TOMMYGOD,
DON'T GET
EXCITED,
FORGET IT!



ALL RIGHT! BRING ON
SOME STUFFED TURKEY
WITH CRANBERRY
SAUCE AND
DRESSING!

YES
SIR!



SHORTLY AFTER...

HYAR YUH ARE, FOLKS! WOULD
YUH LIKE ME TO CARVE THE TURKEY
FER YUH!

YES,
PLEASE!



YU'RE SPECIAL CUSTOMERS,
SO I'D BETTER SEE IF IT'S
ALL RIGHT!

HURRY! I'M
FAMISHED!

HE, TOO!



THE WORDLESS WORLD

A Jon Jarl Adventure

By Eando Binder



“HEADQUARTERS calling Lieutenant Jon Jarl Attention! Professor Grant, noted interplanetary explorer, has been missing for a month. He was last reported to have landed in the wilds of Oberon, moon of Uranus. Find him if you can. That is all!”

Cruising in his space ship past Saturn, Jon Jarl snapped off the radio and heaved a weary sigh. “That’s about the ninety-ninth lost explorer I’ve been sent after,” he muttered to himself. “Old stuff. Most of them turn up dead. The others have gone native. What a boring assignment.”

The Space Policeman shot his ship through the void at high speed and soon reached Uranus and its five moons. Jon circled down over Oberon, scanning its reaches of barren wastes, and wondering where to look first. The only clue was that Professor Grant had claimed, in his first reports, that he had discovered a strange tribe of natives in the northern wilds.

Suddenly, Jon saw movement below. Two creatures were fighting, and they were not animals. They stood erect on two legs and wore rough clothing. The native tribe!

Jon hastily landed his ship and ran up to the two fighters. They were big powerful brutes, built something like cave-men, but looking more intelligent. Their clothing was crudely hand-woven, and the weapons with which they savagely fought each other were long swords.

What were they fighting about? Jon ran up, yelling for them to stop. As a Space Policeman, his duty was to halt all such battles. The men turned in surprise for a moment, staring blankly, and then returned to their fight, snarling like animals.

Obviously they didn’t know the Earth language at all. Jon turned on his Telepathy Translator, a small intricate device which had the power to translate automatically any language in the universe both ways. Even though Jon yelled in Earth-language, the translator would now yell out his words in their language, too.

“Halt, in the name of interplanetary law!” Jon commanded. “I’m a Space Policeman! If you don’t stop instantly, I’ll be forced to draw my ray-gun and open fire on you both!”

But to Jon’s amazement, the two Oberon men kept right on fighting, completely ignoring the warning. Jon was baffled. Were they deaf? But no, they had turned before at his first yell. Something was very strange about the whole thing. They didn’t even answer him. They just ignored him as though he had spoken gibberish.

Grimly, Jon now shot his ray-gun, but he shot it between them, into the ground, making the dirt fly in a smoking blast. The fighters staggered back, frightened. At least they understood a powerful weapon!

They stood apart, panting, staring at Jon. “All right,” Jon said through the Telepathy Translator. “What are you fighting about? Well, come on, speak up!”

But the two men only stared at him blankly, puzzled, as if they understood not a word. Jon gasped. The translator must be giving out their own language. How in the universe could they fail to understand it? Jon tried again, speaking slowly and distinctly. Suddenly, he realized what was wrong. The Telepathy Translator was silent. He hadn’t noticed it before. Jon gasped. There could be only one reason why the translator was unable to communicate his words to the two men.

They had no language!

Jon was utterly dumbfounded. On Earth, the first prehistoric men had used grunts to make known their desires, and these had quickly formed and evolved into spoken language. And so it had been on all other worlds, with all other peoples. But here on Oberon, language had never been invented at all!

Routines? Old stuff? This was turning out to be one of the most fantastic adventures of Jon Jarl’s exciting career in outer space! A world without language! People who wore cloth and forged iron and made swords—yet who were utter dummies and could not speak one word!

People who could not even say "hello" to each other, for they had not yet invented any alphabet, or grammar, or any words at all!

Jon was stunned. There wasn't even any way for him to find out what these men had been fighting about. They could never tell him! But at least, through crude sign language, Jon was able to make gestures telling them to go their separate ways and forget the fight. Respecting the power of his ray-gun, the two men sullenly obeyed and ran off.

Jon saw that each ran to a separate cave. As he strode on through the wilds, he saw many more caves dotting the landscape, and in front of each sat a man on guard with his sword. Jon realized what it meant.

It was like the old caveman days, with every man the enemy of every other man. No doubt they robbed and raided each other's caves at times, the strongest lording it over the weak. They had never formed tribes or villages, to live together in peace and security.

How could they—without a language? Without words, this arrested civilization would never develop into a co-operative peaceful society.

Suddenly, as he watched, Jon saw a man leap out of his cave and kill a deer-like creature for food. Instantly, another man ran out of his nearby cave and attempted to steal it. Before the two men could clash at each other with their swords, Jon ran up and clubbed them both down with his ray-gun butt. While they were out cold, Jon sawed the carcass in half and laid a half beside each.

How simple it would be for them to come to such peaceful agreements themselves—if they could only talk to each other. But without civilized language, they were hardly better than the savage beasts of the field, fighting tooth and claw.

Suddenly Jon remembered—Professor Grant! He had come here to find the missing explorer. Was he alive nearby?

Jon groaned. "What a crazy world!" he said aloud. "How can I ever locate the explorer, dead or alive, when I can't even ask questions of these people? The professor might be a mile away and I'd never find out. How important language is! Without it, I feel completely lost, helpless!"

Jon wandered on hopelessly.

"Help!"

Jon whirled. That one word, ringing out in this world without speech, was like the blast of a bomb. Jon ran toward the sound and came upon a space ship which had crashed into the ground, but was not completely wrecked. The hatchway was open and the yell sounded from inside. Professor Grant's ship!

Jon dashed in and saw a hulking Oberon man slinking with his sword at the explorer. Jon leveled his ray-gun, but the attacker whirled and knocked the gun out of his hand. Then, snarling, he jabbed at Jon with his sword. Jon leaped aside, avoiding the blade, and swung with all his might as the attacker lunged off-balance. The man fell unconscious.

"Hello, professor." Jon grinned. "I'll bet you're glad to hear words again, after being marooned on this wordless world for a month."

The explorer stared blankly for a moment, then spoke haltingly. "Speech! Words! What blessed sounds! I've almost forgotten how to speak myself. But thanks—not only for saving my life but for saving this world from wordless savagery."

The explorer held up a sheet of papers, continuing. "you see, for the past month, I've been inventing a language for these poor people. A simple alphabet and language that they can pick up quickly. I'm teaching it to children already, and the children will spread it to their parents. It took thousands of years for prehistoric man to evolve a language. But I'll give it to these people in one fell swoop, in a single year!"

"GREAT, professor," Jon said. "Almost overnight this bickering savage world will become civilized, through language. I'll send back helpers and guards for you, when I return to Headquarters."

As Jon's ship sped away from Oberon, he grinned wryly. "I'm coming back a year from now myself. I want to find out what those two men I first met were fighting about. I've just got to know!"

THE END

Follow JON JARE'S Fantastic Exploits In Every Issue of CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!

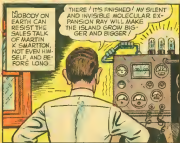
Captain MARVEL

THE MYSTERY OF THE EXPANDING ISLAND



SOME MEN TALK LOW! SOME MEN TALK HIGH! BUT MARTIN K. SMARTTON, HIGH-PRESSURE SALESMAN OF REAL ESTATE, JUST TALKS AND TALKS AND TALKS!







BUT RETURNING TO THE COTTAGE, CAPTAIN MARVEL ALSO BECOMES AWARE OF THE STRANGE PHENOMENON!

HOLY MOLEY!
IT'S TRUE! THE WELL AND
THE COTTAGE ARE ALMOST
THREE AS FAR APART AS BE-
FORE! WHAT GOES ON?



LOOK! THAT
TREE WAS RIGHT
BEHIND THE HOUSE
BEFORE! NOW
IT'S A GOOD
FIFTEEN FEET
AWAY!



OUR LEGS ARE SPREADING
APART! HOLY MOLEY! IT
MUST MEAN THE GROUND
IS EXPANDING!
THE ISLAND IS GETTING
BIGGER!



YES, IT ALL ADDS
UP! MR MORRIS' NEIGH-
BOR IS FAR AWAY NOW,
INSTEAD OF CLOSE! BUT
WHAT MADE THE ISLAND
SUDDENLY GROW BIGGER?

CAPTAIN MARVEL IS
BAFFLED, BUT MARTIN K.
SMARTON IS DELIGHTED!

THE ISLAND IS DOUBLING
IN SIZE! THAT GIVES
ME LOTS OF NEW LOTS
FOR SALE! I'M BACK
IN BUSINESS AGAIN!
AND NOBODY IS
REALLY HARMED
BY IT!



BUT THE SCHEMING REAL ES-
TATE AGENT IS WRONG, FOR
AS CAPTAIN MARVEL CRUISES
AROUND THE EXPANDING
ISLAND -



HOLY MOLEY!
THAT COTTAGE
IS BEING
BORN APART
BY THE EX-
PANDING OF
ITS FOUNDATION!



I'LL HAVE
TO HURRY!

OH MY!



THEY WON'T BREAK
ANY BONES LANDING
ON THIS SOFT
COUCH!

POP!

Whoosh!



SOON BILLY FINDS HIMSELF HELPLESS IN A STRANGE AND NIGHTFULL TRIP!

A FRENCH KID! I'M JUST STAKING YOU TO THE GROUND!



IS IT MY FAULT IF THE EXPANDING GROUND WILL STRETCH YOU OUT MORE AND MORE, LIKE A RUBBER BAND?



DAMN! THIS IS AS BAD AS BEING PULLED APART BY WILD HORSES!



WAIT! THAT SHARP STONE! IF I CAN JUST CUT THE ROPE ON IT...



GROAN! I JUST GOT MY HAND LOOSE IN TIME!

SHAZAM!



BASIC LIGHTNING ONCE MORE BRINGS THE WORLD'S NIGHTIEST MORTAL!



NOW, WITH YOUR MACHINE SMASHED, THE ISLAND WILL SHRINK BACK TO NORMAL! YOUR BIG SCREAM IS OVER! WHAT'S THE MATTER -- CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?



HI, CHUM! TALK ME OUT OF THIS IF YOU CAN!



THE NEXT DAY...

SMARTONS IN JAIL, AND HIS MONEY PAID FOR ALL DAMAGES! THE ISLAND IS BACK TO NORMAL!

BUT THAT WELL IS STILL TOO FAR AWAY! I'M GOING TO RUN A PIPE TO THE COTTAGE! I WANT TO REST HERE, NOT WORK!



CAPT KID

ON THE CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM



HEY CAPTAIN KID, WHERE DID YOU GET THE FOOTBALL?

I TOOK A CHANCE AND GOT IT!



YOU MEAN YOU TOOK A CHANCE AND DID SOMETHING DARING TO GET IT?

NO, PUPPY! I TOOK A CHANCE ON A CHARITY RAFFLE AND WON IT!



WELL, SINCE YOU HAVE A FOOTBALL, CAPTAIN KID, HOW ABOUT STARTING A FOOTBALL TEAM?

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! AND I'LL BE THE CAPTAIN!



HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?

IT'S SIMPLE! I'VE WON THE FOOTBALL!



AND I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO BE THE QUARTERBACK, TOO?

NATURALLY!



BUT YOU NEED
BEANS TO BE
A QUARTERBACK!

ARE YOU TRYING TO
SAY I DON'T HAVE
ANY FRIENDS?



I'M NOT TRYING TO
BE ANYTHING! IF YOU
THINK YOU'RE QUALIFIED
TO BE A QUARTERBACK,
TELL US WHAT EXPERIENCE
YOU'VE HAD!

YOU SHOULD
KNOW, PUDDY!
YOU WERE ON
THE SAME
TEAM I WAS
QUARTERBACK
ON!



OH, YOU
MEAN THE
POOKIN'
WILDCATS!

THAT'S RIGHT!
TWO YEARS
AGO!



SEE, PUDDY! WE DIDN'T
KNOW YOU WERE ON THE
SAME TEAM WITH THE
CAPTAIN! WHAT
DID YOU DO?

NOTHING!



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, NOTHING?

EXACTLY
THAT! I
WORKED IN
EVERY GAME
AND I
DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING!



WE DON'T GET
IT! PLEASE
EXPLAIN!

TO BE EXACT, I
SLEPT THROUGH
ALL THE GAMES!



BUT I THOUGHT YOU
SAID YOU WORKED
IN EVERY GAME
ON THE SAME TEAM
WITH CAPTAIN KIPE?

I DID! I WAS THE
SCOREKEEPER FOR
THE POOKIN'
WILDCATS!



YOU MEAN CAPTAIN KIP'D TEAM NEVER SCORED?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE WAS THE WORST QUARTERBACK I EVER DID SEE!



THAT'S A LIE! IT WASN'T MY FAULT! THE REST OF THE TEAM NEVER COULD REMEMBER THE SIGNALS!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU NEVER CALLED THE SAME SET OF SIGNALS!



SINCE YOU'RE DOING SO MUCH TALKING, WHY DON'T YOU TELL THE FELLOWS WHO MADE THE LONGEST RUN SINCE RECORDED IN FOOTBALL TEAM HISTORY?

I'LL ADMIT YOU DID, CAPTAIN KIP! YOU RAN THREE HUNDRED YARDS!



BUT A FOOTBALL FIELD IS ONLY 100 YARDS LONG!

I KNOW BUT CAPTAIN KIP KEPT RUNNING RIGHT THROUGH THE FRONT GATE!



WHY DID YOU DO THAT, CAPTAIN KIP?

I GOT KICKED IN THE HEAD, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING!



HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

HE FUMBLER THE BALL AND WHEN HE BENT DOWN TO PICK IT UP, HE GOT KICKED IN THE HEAD!



BUT I RECOVERED THE FUMBLE, DIDN'T I?

SURE, BUT YOU WERE IN SUCH A FOG, YOU STARTED TO RUN FOR THE WRONG GOAL LINE!



YOU MEAN HE SCORED FOR THE OTHER TEAM?

I DID NOT!



THE ONLY REASON HE DIDN'T WAS BECAUSE THE REST OF THE TEAM DECIDED TO CHOOSE HIM! THAT'S HOW HE CAN RUN 500 YARDS!

WHAT WAS THE FINAL SCORE?



CENTREVILLE, OR WATERTOWN, O!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID CAPTAIN KID WAS PLAYING FOR THE WILDCATS?



HE WAS, BUT WHEN HE RAN THE THREE HUNDRED YARDS HE RAN ONTO THE CENTREVILLE FOOTBALL FIELD AND SCORED A TOUCHDOWN FOR THEM AGAINST WATERTOWN!

YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY PUNNY, DON'T YOU, PUNNY?



WELL, SINCE YOU'RE SUCH A WISE GUY, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE FOOTBALL AND LET YOU BE BOTH CAPTAIN AND QUARTERBACK!

BUT WHY? IF I'M THE CAPTAIN AND QUARTERBACK WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY?



COACH!



GOO! TEAM, FILE ON BUSBY! IT'S TIME FOR TACKLING PRACTICE!

OOOF! I'M DOWN!

YOU CAN'T GET THE BALL OF CAPTAIN KID!



CLUB MEMBERS! HERE'S YOUR REGULAR MONTHLY GOING + ARRIVING!

IF YOUR CODE IS NOT CORRECTED THIS DAY

LET LOW KID GET STOPPED FIRST, NI. GOING
BEZOMB, HOPFISH AND GUNGS, UZWHI BYN HSPROD
GRH PFPZO OLEVZYVH, DZKOPD HYVUJ ZAWH BLFPOD
IYKBOOD TWO HUN OZCFTEH ZH SRH ZABERX DZWH
BY TLXK LA Z KOVZHPN-HYVYRMY HZHWV!

Captain **MARVEL** and THE MAN WHO GREW YOUNG!



ONE MORNING STERLING MORRIS, OWNER OF STATION WHIS, ARRIVED AT THE LOBBY OF HIS BUILDING CARRYING AN INVISIBLE LOAD ON HIS WEARY SHOULDERS!

I FEEL OLD AND TIRED! MAYBE DOC QUARTZ HAS SOME KIND OF TONIC THAT CAN HELP ME UP!



MY HAIR IS THINNING! WRINKLES IN MY FACE! AH, MAYBE THIS IS WHAT I NEED!

PAH! THAT'S JUNK! DON'T USE IT!



I'LL FIX YOU UP! COME INTO MY LABORATORY! YOU SEE, I'M MORE THAN A COMMON DRUGGIST! I'M REALLY A RESEARCH SCIENTIST IN MY SPARE TIME! THE WORLD NEEDS MY DISCOVERIES!

THIS IS A LABORATORY?







IN ANSWER TO YOURS OF THE 21st, WML-TV IS NOT INTERESTED IN PUTTING ON A SHOW OF FIFTY ELEPHANTS, AND...

HURRY, CAPTAIN MARVEL! A REHEARSAL IS WAITING TO BE CHECKED!



I WISH MR. MORRIS WOULD SHOW UP BEFORE I MAKE A MESS OUT OF EVERYTHING!

MAYBE THAT'S HIM NOW!



NO, IT'S DOC QUARTZ, THE DRUGGIST!

WHY MR. MORRIS! DID MY YOUTH SERUM WORK THAT WELL? EGGH! IT TURNED YOU INTO A POWERFUL YOUNG MAN!

BUT THE CAPTAIN MARVEL --- WAIT! YOUTH SERUM? EXPLAIN!



WITH THE STORY IS TOLD....

HOLY MOLEY! THEN THAT WAS MR. MORRIS BEFORE! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM NOW! DOC QUARTZ, YOU MUSTLE BACK TO YOUR LAB AND MAKE AN ANTIDOTE! HURRY!



MY GOODNESS! I LOOK ONLY ABOUT THIRTY NOW! MY CLOTHES DON'T FIT! I NEED A NEW OUTFIT, BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO GET MONEY FROM THE BANK!

MEANWHILE, THE YOUTH SERUM HAS CONTINUED ITS MIRACULOUS CHANGE IN MR. MORRIS!



BUT AT THE BANK....

I'M STERLING MORRIS. I TELL YOU, AND I WANT MY MONEY!

I KNOW MR. MORRIS BY SIGHT AND HE'S TWICE AS OLD AS YOU ARE!



GUARD! ARREST THIS CRACKPOT!

I GUESSED MR. MORRIS WOULD COME TO HIS BANK! HOLD IT, OFFICER! I CAN VOUCH FOR THIS MAN'S HONESTY! PUT HIM IN MY CUSTODY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOU NEVER BREAK THE LAW!



IT SEEMS FANTASTIC, BUT DOC'S YOUTH SERUM IS SWEEPING AWAY THE YEARS AND MAKING YOU YOUNG! HOWEVER, IT'S GONE TOO FAR! YOU NEED THE ANTIDOTE NOW!

I CERTAINLY DO!



BUT LET'S OUTFIT YOU WITH NEW CLOTHES BEFORE WE GO BACK! I HAVE A CHARGE ACCOUNT HERE!



BOOM A VERY DIFFERENT STERLING MORRIS EMERGES INTO THE STREET!

THE YOUTH SERUM KEEPS WORKING! YOU LOOK ONLY TWENTY-ONE NOW! AND YOU CUT QUITE A FIGURE IN THOSE NEW BUDS!

WHA! FIRST TIME PRETTY GIRLS LOOKED AT ME TWICE IN THE PAST THIRTY YEARS!



YOU KNOW CAPTAIN MARVEL, DR. BEGINNING TO LIKE THIS!

HOW NEVER MIND, MR. MORRIS! LET'S GO! YOU HAVE A BIG RESPONSIBILITY RUNNING STATION WHIZ! I'LL RUSH YOU TO DOC QUARTZ FOR THE ANTIDOTE!



BUT AT THE LABORATORY...

NO, I WON'T TAKE IT! I WANT TO STAY YOUNG! I'M TIRED OF BEING AN OLD MAN, SLAYING AT THE OFFICE! WHY SHOULD I TAKE THE ANTIDOTE?



YOU IDIOT! THERE'S WHY YOU HAVE TO TAKE THE ANTIDOTE! LOOK, YOU'RE ONLY A BOY OF SIXTEEN NOW!

OHGODS! I SEE THE DANGER NOW! I'LL KEEP GETTING YOUNGER AND YOUNGER AND YOUNGER AND—HELP! SAVE ME!



HURRY, DOC! MAKE MORE ANTIDOTE!

LET'S SEE, I NEED SOME CHEMICALS FROM MY SUPPLY CABINET!



I'LL HAVE TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS CABINET!

DOC! HURRY!

MR. MORRIS IS A BOY OF TEN! FASTER!



PATIENCE, CAPTAIN MARVEL! ROME WAS NOT WRECKED - IN A DAY! AH YES, DICHLORIDE!

LOOK OUT, DOC! YOUR BEARD
GOT IN THE SOLUTION...

EGAD! I MADE
THE SOLUTION TOO
STRONG! FINE!

DOC, THE ANTIDOTE! WILL
YOU EVER GET IT MADE?
MR. MORRIS IS A TINY
TOT NOW!

GAH!

TUT TUT! IT ONLY TOOK A
MINUTE? HERE IT
IS---GODS!

NO--NO!
DON'T LET IT
SMASH!

GO! TO
SAVE THE
ANTIDOTE!

BARELY IN TIME, CAPTAIN
MARVEL ADMINISTERS THE
ANTIDOTE AND LATER...

IT'S WORKING! YOU'RE
GROWING OLDER
AGAIN, MR. MORRIS!

I'VE GOT A GREAT NEW IDEA! IF I PUT
THESE TWO CHEMICALS TOGETHER,
WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN,
CAPTAIN MARVEL?

I HATE TO
GUESS, DOC!
UH---GOODBYE!

LATER....

WHY
WAS A BELIEF
TO BE NORMAL
AGAIN!

DOC QUARTZ
IS A BRILLIANT
SCIENTIST, BUT I
HOPE HE'S MORE
CAREFUL WITH HIS
NEW DISCOVERIES!

AH, HOW I
KNOW WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN THOSE TWO
CHEMICALS ARE MIXED!
THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE SCIENTIFIC
EXPERIMENTATION!



FLEER'S DOBBLE BUBBLE GUM BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES!

DOBBLE BUBBLE IS FUN TO CHEW - TASTES GOOD TOO!

EVERY PIECE HAS FUNNIES, FORTUNES & FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!

NOW AVAILABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!



DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottos

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glistening mottos which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 25¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottos you have not sold, and send us only 15¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP 12⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP 13⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP 14⁰⁰

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risk. You can return all the mottos you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



Write to
**STEPHENS
 CREDIT SALES**
 Dept. B 102
 P. O. Box 1004
 NASHVILLE,
 TENNESSEE

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. B 102 P. O. Box 1004
 Nashville 3, Tennessee

SPEAKIN' OF CHRISTMAS, FARDNER, I'D JURE SEND FOR DAISY'S AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK! IT TELLS HOW YOU CAN JOIN THE NRA AS A JUNIOR MEMBER AN' LEARN TO SHOOT YOUR CHRISTMAS DAISY SAFELY UNDER ADULT SUPERVISION. DAD WILL ENJOY READING IT, TOO! - Red Ryder

THIS CARBINE COMES LOADED TO THE BARREL IN THE SAME STYLE OF BANG ON WESTERN CARBINE CARTRIDGES BY COMBOS!

WHEN THIS BOOK, COVERED, FULL LENGTH YOUR POSE... IS THROSE INTO YOUR HAND AND HOLD THE CARBINE STRONG AS A BOLT!

Announcement
to Present and Future Daisy Owners:

Ask David to buy you a junior membership in the National Rifle Association now so when he gets your Christmas Daisy. Then you can shoot to new added NRA medals, ribbons and trophies with him to just! Mind you!



IT'S NOT JUST LIKE A BELL DOWNS CAN BE. THAT'S WHY WE'VE MADE IT TO HAVE MY NAME ON IT. I'VE AND MORE EXPRESSED IN STOCK!

Shoot THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

Here's a Christmas Gift Idea your Dad will like: Get a RED RYDER cowboy carbine plus a junior membership in the famous National Rifle Association! This heavy, improved, 1000-shot RED RYDER cowboy carbine looks, feels, handles like a real western saddle gun. Rifle alone, only \$9.50. Or ask Dad for an NRA membership plus Daisy's big Target Book containing, RED RYDER carbine with 2-power magnifying scope mount, well binding target, target cards, complete DUTY-KILLS RED RYDER'S MANUAL. \$7.95 COMPLETE SET ONLY.



SEND THE COUPON TO: AND UNUSED BY STAMP LITTLE BEAVER!

YOU BETHUM, RED RYDER! WE DO IT NOW. WE WANTON FACTS ON CARBINE AN' NRA!



No. 121 Target Outfit \$7.95.

MAIL NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 1211, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

A separate \$100.00 value plus amount in stamp. Each postpaid feature of this magazine must be obtained. This feature program for the rifle shooter, benefits of the membership. P.O. information for parents, gifts, magazine on shipping, shipping, please at 1211 address.

NAME _____
STREET & NO. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

DAISY

Air Rifles

No. 121 PUMP GUN \$7.95